of Dom. Doctoris Bland.

MAN-MIDWIFERY ANALYZED;

OR THE

TENDENCY

OF THAT

INDECENT AND UNNECESSARY PRACTICE DETECTED AND EXPOSED.

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN FORD,

LATE SURGEON AND MAN-MIDWIFE AT BRISTOL, BUT NOW A PRACTITIONER, IN THAT WAY, IN LONDON.

by Philip Thicknesse.

Printed for S. FORES, N° 3, PICCADILLY.

MDCCXC.

This was (I think the fourth, and) the last Edition of this Pamphlet.

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TO

JOHN FORD,

LATE SURGEON AND MAN-MIDWIFE AT BRISTOL, BUT NOW A PRACTITIONER IN THAT WAY AT LONDON.

AS it is a rule with me to aſſign reaſons for what I do, I ſhall condeſcend, *even to tell you*, Sir, why I thus addreſs this third Edition of Man-midwifery to you. It is not becauſe you are my *ſiniſter uncle*, but becauſe I have a few queries to

put to you, which you ought to anſwer to every body with whom you *are*, or *may* be connected;—to me it is as unneceſſary, as it will be impoſſible.

Firſt, Did not a noble Lord, as much eſteemed for his humanity, as honoured for his bravery, and the ſervices he has rendered this country, ſhew you on Sunday morning, about twelve o'clock, on the 25th of October laſt, a letter he had juſt received from me, informing his Lordſhip, that your niece had fallen from the top to the bottom of the ſtairs; that I could not prevail upon her even to be bled, nor to let me call in a Surgeon; and therefore I intreated his Lordſhip to ſee you, when you viſited his daughter-in-law (on whom I knew you attended

as

7 Lord Rodney.

as her Man-midwife); and to desire you instantly to visit your niece, as I feared (and my fears proved true) she had broken some bones by the fall?

Secondly, Did not his Lordship express great regard for your niece and her family; and urge you instantly to see her, at a distance too not twenty yards? And did you not express, as far as *words could go*, a sincere and affectionate regard for your niece's welfare; and say, that you would return to London (one mile), and send your nephew, a professional man, to her; then get into your *hack*, turn your eyes askance at the scene of affliction, and depart?

Thirdly, Was that declaration meant to prevent any other perſon being called? Or is it not neceſſary, when ſuch dreadful accidents happen, that immediate aſſiſtance ſhould be had?

Fourthly, Did you not, by declaring that you would inſtantly ſend your nephew, enter a caveat againſt my calling in any other aſſiſtance, though I am *now* confident you did not *then* mean to ſend any body; becauſe it was twelve o'clock at noon when you left your fair patient at Kenſington-Gore, on Sunday morning, and it was twelve o'clock the next day before your nephew came? It grieved me to turn from my door a gentleman, whoſe kind expreſſions and concern

cern for his couſin convinces me that he poſſeſſes an ingredient in his compoſition to which you ſeem an utter ſtranger. He left word, Sir (for I could not ſee him), that you had ſent him, as the *caſe of your niece was not in your line of practice!!!*

Pray, Sir, what is your line of practice? Is it confined only to *touching* your female patients in London? Becauſe I am confident I very lately ſaw, over your door at Briſtol, in gold letters, JOHN FORD, Surgeon; and ſurely, Sir, a Surgeon is a bone-ſetter. But whether he be, or be not, it was your duty to have come yourſelf; to have immediately ſent your nephew; or to have declared you would do neither: and I am ſure, every

humane perſon who reads this account, will hold you with that ſovereign contempt I do.

Theſe, Sir, are my reaſons for addreſſing the third Edition of Man-midwifery to you; and therefore I leave you to your own reflections, if you are capable of reflecting, to inform my Readers who brought the former Editions into the world; for there are *Book-midwifes*, as well as Men-midwifes, who *touch* books now and then, which they had better never have *dipped* their fingers into.

About five-and-twenty years ago, a young lady of youth, good ſenſe, and a large fortune (30,000 £.), obſerved to me, that nothing could induce her to marry, without having good reaſon to believe it would contribute

tribute to her happineſs; and it was impoſſible for her to know, whether her lovers admired her perſon, or her fortune moſt. Her perſonal charms, and her good ſenſe, I aſſerted, with a few hints I could give her, for ſhe was then only eighteen, would enſure her happineſs; and at the ſame time told her, if ſhe would permit me to write her a letter upon the ſubject, ſhe might profit by attending to it. The letter was accordingly written, and ſo much approved, that I printed it under the title of "A Letter to a young Lady on her Marriage." In that Letter I gently *touched* upon the ſubject of Man-midwifery, and aſſured her, if ſhe admitted ſuch an unneceſſary and ſhameful liberty to be taken with her perſon, ſhe would have a fall in her huſband's

eyes, if he poſſeſſed either ſenſe, ſentiment, or delicacy; greater than even the fall her firſt parent met with in Paradiſe. Soon after that Letter was publiſhed, a Profeſſor of *the art* (ſo they call a work GOD has completely done to their hands), an Ipſwich Operator, the Pillar of a Religious Sect, printed a reply to the "Author of a Letter "to a young Lady;" but it was in ſuch ſcurrilous language, that, I believe, *Becket* and *De Hondt*, whoſe names were prefixed to it, would not let it diſgrace their ſhop-windows, and that none of them were ſold.

However, by the *womb* of time, which produces as many miracles as *any womb whatever*, the author of both Letters, not only became known, but *known* to each other, being

being near neighbours in the ſame county; and then I was peſtered with abuſive anonymous letters from every part of the kingdom, ſuch as, "*Call in your raſcally book, you "ſcoundrel, or you will be done for*, &c. &c." even to the amount of four or five ſhillings a poſt; and *then* it was, that I publiſhed the firſt Edition of Man-midwifery analyſed. But, as I have obſerved above, the womb of time brings ſtrange things to light; for notice was ſent me ſoon after from Ipſwich, that my *obſtetric friend*, and *Author* of the Reply was run away; and that one of his female patients, a reputable Maltſter's wife of the town, had ſworn he had availed himſelf of his *touching qualifications*, and had actually raviſhed her. I therefore viſited the injured lady, and offered her my ſervices

in

in ſearching for the fugitive, and bringing him to juſtice. But, I muſt confeſs, from the relation ſhe gave me of his *touching conduct* (though there was no reaſon to think him guiltleſs), her *manner of relating it* was ſuch, that I could not think ſhe was perfectly blameleſs; and this declaration I made openly in the Coffee-houſe at Ipſwich, and, as it happened, in the hearing of ſeveral of the fugitive's friends, and *congregational people*. They inſtantly informed him of what I had ſaid, and told him, if he could make his peace with me, and prevail upon me to give that evidence in Court, which I had given in private, he might ſurrender, and take his trial.

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He accordingly wrote me a very penitential letter; aſſured me of his perfect innocence; deſired me to conſider him as a man driven from his family, his buſineſs, and his bread; and proteſted, that when he publiſhed his Reply to my Letter, he was an utter ſtranger to the Author of it. I replied, that I conſidered there lay a wide difference, between being juſtly offended with a man for unmerited abuſe, and that of puniſhing him with death or ruin; that my evidence *could not injure him*, if it rendered him no ſervice. Whereupon he ſurrendered at the Aſſize-time, at St. Edmund's-Bury; and, after a hard ſtruggle of ſix hours, though the woman ſwore poſitively that he had raviſhed her, he was acquitted; for many

many of his female patients attended to declare, upon oath, that he had often *laid them*, without *lying with them*. Such is the partiality that moſt women have for their dear *touching Doctors!* of whom they are continually boaſting of their ſkill, ſafety, ſoft, and gentle manners! I never heard a woman ſpeak of her Man-midwife, but with a kind of enthuſiaſtic ardour! The operator, however, found it convenient to ſhift the *field of future action*, and removed to Briſtol.

And now I muſt inform the Reader, that before I publiſhed the firſt Edition of this Book, I ſhewed it to Dr. LAWRENCE, then PRESIDENT of the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, a man univerſally reſpected, not only for

for his phyſical ſkill, but for his philanthropy, and aſked him whether it was proper to be publiſhed? His reply was, "*I think it bids* "*fair to put a ſtop to a practice big with in-* "*conceivable miſchief, and ſuch as ought to be* "*taken notice of by the legiſlative powers*;" and gave ſuch reaſons for that opinion, as are not ſafe to be made known, leſt it ſhould thereby make known, to the more ignorant part of the *obſtetric* tribe; practices, not uncommon among, the more cunning and crafty part of the male Practitioners.

Mrs. Kennon, who was alone called in, when a CROWN was at ſtake, for ſhe delivered her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales of the preſent King, ſqueezed a five hundred pound bank note into Dr. FRANK NICHOLLS's

NICHOLLS's hand, the late King's phyſician, for writing "THE PETITION OF THE UN-"BORN BABES;" and this ſhe did in the laſt hour of her life. He was perſecuted, as I have been, by the Profeſſors of Midwifery; but he deſpiſed their attacks with the ſame contempt that I have done; for it is the *practice*, not the *practitioners*, I abhor. It is the women, who ſupport each other in promoting it, whom I deſpiſe; for they well know, that nothing elſe but a general uſe of men, could reconcile, or rather compel, their ſimple huſbands, to ſubmit to ſo ſhameful, ſo dangerous, and ſuch an unneceſſary, cuſtom.

The preſent age, no one can deny, has been more notorious, than any preceding one, for the infidelity of wives; and it is as clear,

that

that matrimony is almoſt laughed down, and out of faſhion, with the ſenſible part of mankind; for what man of ſenſe will marry any woman for her perſonal charms, when he knows that a male hair-dreſſer is to ſtraddle over her two hours every morning, and a Male-midwife is to examine her nipples, and *touch* her if he pleaſes, for another hour? and that too, not in the hour of labour, but at the end of three or four months after marriage, according to Smellie's inſtructions. Nay, HUSBANDS, START NOT! I do aver, that this is a conſtant practice, where the object is deemed *worthy* of ſuch *kind attention*, as you will ſee by the extracts in the following ſheets, taken from the FATHER OF MAN-MIDWIFERY, DR. SMELLIE. Let not, therefore, the plate annexed be deemed indecent;

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it cannot merit that appellation, if it ſaves one woman of virtue, from being either ſoothed by the *tender careſſes* of her Midwife, or frightened, as they often are, to ſubmit to ſo ſhameful a proſtitution of her perſon. One of the queſtions theſe Demi-doctors frequently put to their patients, is, whether they *enjoy their huſbands?* And, whenever they find a timid, modeſt woman, who is not of *eaſy touch* to deal with, they plead their PROFESSION, SECRECY, HONOUR; and even the very life of their patients, they ſay, is under their protection and at ſtake. No wonder, then, that the bulk of young women are at length, brought to conſider their Midwife, as privileged a perſon, as a Nun does her Father-confeſſor; or, that all women, who employ male Midwives,

wives, are ſo active in ſtriving to *break-in novices*; for nothing could ſupport them in ſuch ſhameful conduct, but the general practice of it, as it is at this day. I know ſeveral gentlemen of fortune, who declare that nothing can induce them to marry, while they are to be deemed *brutes*, if they do not ſubmit to the ſhameful practices the following ſheets will diſcloſe, though not half what I could lay open, if I did not think enough has been ſaid to determine every man of ſenſe, before he marries, to enter a caveat in the marriage-ſettlement to barr Men-midwives; for will any Engliſh-women venture to cenſure this book, when they have had the example of the late Princeſs of Wales, the preſent Queen, and the Ducheſs of Brunſwick, who conſtantly ſent

to England for Mrs. Madocks, now Mrs. Ward, to attend her in all her labours. I know that this book will raiſe me a more powerful band of enemies, than even the whole *battalion of Midwifery*. I know that the bulk of women will conſider me their enemy alſo; but the truth is, thoſe, who have ſenſe enough to underſtand my REAL intentions, will find me their friend in a matter of the utmoſt importance to their happineſs, and the chief comfort of their life.

THE AUTHOR.

I LATELY

I LATELY publiſhed, at the requeſt of ſome prudent, ſenſible married women, "A Letter, addreſſed to a young Lady on her "Marriage," relative to the indecent and deſtructive practices of Men-midwives; and I have the ſatisfaction to hear the deſign of that Letter is generally approved, by men of ſenſe, and women of ſenſe and modeſty.

The matter is of the utmoſt importance to both; and I flatter myſelf there are few women, into whoſe hands this Letter may fall, who will not ſeriouſly weigh the argu-

ments therein, on a ſubject ſo intereſting to their perſonal ſafety, and ſo eſſential to their health and happineſs throughout life.

But finding myſelf under many reſtraints in point of decency, in an addreſs to a young lady upon ſuch a ſubject, and well knowing how neceſſary it is, that men, as well as women, ſhould unite in diſcountenancing this indecent and unneceſſary practice; I now addreſs myſelf to all mankind. It is not to indulge my fancy in impure thoughts, or indecent expreſſions; but to put a ſtop to impure acts, immodeſt actions, and the indelicate, unchaſte, and unneceſſary tranſactions of Men-midwives: ſuch as they avowedly and publicly profeſs, and ſuch as every man of ſenſe, decency, ſentiment,

and

and ſpirit, muſt diſapprove, or be totally indifferent as to his wife's conduct, or his own honour.

My aim is, to reſtore to the amiable part of my fair country-women, the acquaintance of a very OLD LADY, their beſt friend, and who was their conſtant attendant from the beginning of the world, down to the commencement of the preſent century; I mean that ſcarce ever erring old lady

GOODY NATURE,

a lady who practiſed Midwifery from the beginning of time, in every corner of the earth, with perfect ſucceſs, till ſhe was ſtifled to death between two feather-beds at *Paris*, by Meſſ. *La Motte* and *Mauriceau*; and then thoſe impoſtors, in that fantaſtical

and indelicate kingdom, endeavoured to intrude themſelves upon the publick as her legitimate ſons, and almoſt perſuaded the world to believe, that GOD'S WORKS were imperfect, and that ART could ſurpaſs NATURE.

The vivacity, and the love of novelty, peculiar to that fantaſtic nation, and the great liberties the two ſexes are accuſtomed to take with each other, promoted the deſigns of theſe men, and prevented a detection, till they became ſo numerous, and had eſtabliſhed ſo much intereſt (owing, I preſume, to their ſex), that the *old lady*, their pretended mother, has in that kingdom long ſince been forgotten. That ſuch a practice ſhould begin *in France*, be encouraged

raged by the ladies, and permitted by the men, does not much ſurprize me; becauſe modeſty in that country, is rather an unfaſhionable part of good breeding, and high life: but that Engliſhmen, tenacious of their own and their wives honour, ſhould tamely ſubmit to a practice ſo unneceſſary, and ſo big with miſchief, amazes me beyond conception: and I can account for it only, becauſe a few women of faſhion, as they are called, have countenanced it, and their puſillanimous huſbands, have been afraid to forbid it. The middling claſs of people muſt be in faſhion, and ape the quality, decency be kicked down ſtairs, and modeſty put out of countenance, becauſe my Lady Mary Modiſh, hates an old fumbling woman about her perſon.

Some of the periodical Reviewers were pleaſed to obſerve, that the Author of the Addreſs to a young Lady on her Marriage was (though a pretender to decency) the moſt indecent creature himſelf that ever took a pen in hand. Whether this reſentment aroſe from the *ſting* in the *tail* of the Letter, levelled at thoſe *Book-midwives*; or from their being chiefly compoſed of Surgeons and Men-midwives, who murder books for want of *infant practice*; I muſt ſubmit to the Reader's judgment; but they ought to have owned, that every indelicate expreſſion in that epiſtle, is extracted, almoſt *verbatim*, from their friend Dr. Smellie's Treatiſe on Midwifery; a book written in Engliſh, the

matter

matter by Smellie, and the language *ſaid to be* that of Dr. Smollet.

That Men-midwives may think fooliſhly, and act wantonly, is no more than I can eaſily conceive; but that a Man-midwife ſhould write, and publiſh a ſerious book, and give therein, ſerious directions relative to the practice of Midwifery, ſo contrary to reaſon, ſo void of judgment, and ſo alarming to modeſty, is to me aſtoniſhing indeed: as it will be to the Reader, when he finds, that the following extracts are taken from *Smellie's Midwifery*: "*The ſigns of pregnancy*," ſays he, "*are to be diſtinguiſhed from thoſe belonging to obſtructions, by the* TOUCH *in the Vagina, and ſometimes into the* RECTUM;" and this is to be done when the

the lady is *doubtful* whether ſhe *is*, or *is not*, breeding! This is coming to the point at once. The Doctor then proceeds to inform his pupils, "That the *Clitoris*, with its *Pre-* "*putium*, is found between the *Labia* on the "middle and fore-part of the *Pubis*, and "from the lower part of the *Clitoris*, the "*Nymphæ* riſing, ſpreads outwards, and "downwards to the *Os Externum*, forming "a kind of *ſulcus*, or furrow, called the "*foſſa magna*, or *Navicularis*, for the di- "rection of the *Penis* in coition, or *of the* "*finger in touching*, into the *Vagina*."

After having, in this ſhameful manner, informed us, that GOD has made woman for the purpoſe of a *touching Doctor*, he modeſtly tells

tells his Pupils, how the *touch* is to be performed; and THUS, HUSBANDS, IT IS:

"*Touching*," says the Doctor, "*is per-*
"*formed by introducing the fore-finger, lubri-*
"*cated with pomatum, into the Vagina, in*
"*order to feel the Os Internum, and neck of*
"*the Uterus, and sometimes into the Rectum,*
"*to discover the stretching of the Fundus. By*
"*some we are advised to touch with the mid-*
"*dle finger, as being the longest; and by others*
"*to employ both that and the first; but the*
"*middle is too much encumbered by that on*
"*each side, to answer the purpose fully; and*
"*when two are introduced together, the pa-*
"*tient never fails to complain. The design of*
"*touching is to be informed whether the woman*
"*is, or is not, with child; to know how far*

"*she*

" *ſhe is advanced in her pregnancy; if ſhe is*
" *in danger of a miſcarriage; if the* Os
" Uteri *be dilated; and, in time of labour, to*
" *form a right judgment of the caſe, from the*
" *opening of the* Os Internum, *and the preſ-*
" *ſing down of the membranes with their wa-*
" *ters; and, laſtly, to diſtinguiſh what part of*
" *the child is preſented.*

" *It is generally impracticable to diſcover, by*
" *a* touch in the Vagina, *whether or not the*
" Uterus *is impregnated, till after the fourth*
" *month: then the beſt time is in the* morning,
" *when the woman is faſting, after the con-*
" *tents of the bladder and* Rectum *have been*
" *diſcharged, and ſhe* ought, if neceſſary, *to*
" *ſubmit to the enquiry in a* ſtanding poſture;
" *becauſe, in that caſe, the* Uterus *hangs lower*
" *down*

" *down in the Vagina, and the weight is more*
" ſenſible *to the* touch *than when ſhe lies*
" *reclined.*"

Will any Man-midwife, Huſband, Wife, or Widow, after reading the above extract from Dr. Smellie's Midwifery, printed and publiſhed in the vulgar tongue, dare to charge me with indecency? Surely they will not; and therefore I muſt obſerve, that as womens' paſſions, unlike mens', lie dormant till ſtirred by the dalliance of a man, may not the deſign of *touching* be to obſerve alſo, whether any emotions ariſe in the *touched* lady's breaſt, that the Doctor may take advantage of? A man permitted to take ſuch a ſhameful liberty, cannot anſwer for his own conduct; and the ſimple woman who ſubmits

mits to it, as neceſſary, knows not the conſequences which may ariſe, from ſuch a wanton and unneceſſary inſpection; but if the Man-midwife be wickedly diſpoſed, and does as many have done, he may not only *touch* her with his *lubricated pomatum fingers*, as Smellie directs, but he may add a ſmall quantity of *cantharides* to the compoſition, and create in the woman a temporary *Furor*.

Let me ſuppoſe myſelf, for inſtance, a Man-midwife, ſent for by a lady of youth and beauty. The lady has not been many months married; is doubtful whether ſhe be, or be not, with child; deſirous, perhaps, of being informed; but quite a ſtran-

ger to the *manner* by which ſhe is to obtain the information.

Upon my arrival, if her huſband happens to be preſent, he muſt retire; for the Doctor knows too well the pain that he muſt feel on hearing even the *firſt queſtions*. Therefore nothing but an affected, ſtiff air, a grave face, peeping out of a *profound* wig, and my hand kept *warm* in my muff, muſt tranſpire, till the *huſband* has quitted the room; and, from that inſtant, the dreſſing-room becomes ſacred to me, and my patient. I then proceed to aſk ſuch queſtions, with an air of gravity and importance, that muſt confound a woman of modeſty beyond imagination. Upon perceiving her embarraſſment, I get up, take her by the hand, and tell her how very

unlike

unlike her conduct is to my Lady Betty Blazens, whom I have juſt left; that her Ladyſhip thought ſhe was with child, but that I *could perceive* no circle round *her nipples* *; nor by the *touch*, had I any reaſon to believe ſhe was breeding. This reconciles my new patient; ſhe hears, and wonders at Lady Betty's conduct; but, believing it no more than is common, and that the Doctor has a licence to take, and ſhe to grant, ſuch liberties, ſhe at length acquieſces. I then proceed to examine *her breaſts*, nipples, &c. by which I am ſoon able to diſcover what fur-

* Page 187.—Smellie obſerves, that *obſtructions* and *pregnancy* are both accompanied by a ſtretching fulneſs of of the breaſts; but on the *laſt* only may be perceived the *Areola*, or brown ring, round the nipples; but this circle is not always ſo diſcoverable as in the *firſt* pregnancy.

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ther liberties I may proceed to, under the ſanction of my great wig and my grave face; and, if once admitted to *the touch*, all difficulties for five or ſix months are removed; my patient and I underſtand one another; ſecrecy is the word; my character and her folly ſecure it.

If Men-midwives, under ſuch circumſtances, ſtand unmoved, they are a part of the human ſpecies I am a ſtranger to! Suppoſe then (for it is no more than natural to ſuppoſe it) that I ſhould, after the *touch* *, offer ſome further liberty (a more indelicate liberty I cannot offer); ſuppoſe then, I ſay,

* Page 188.—In the fifth or ſixth month of *Uterine* geſtation, by the *touch* into the *Vagina*, *we* perceive the neck of the womb conſiderably ſhortened!

my patient ſhould fly out, and aſk me, what I mean by ſuch inſolent and unwarrantable conduct? and go towards the bell, in order to call her huſband or ſervants; what muſt be done? Why, ſtep in between her and the bell, drop upon my knees, and implore her pardon; telling her that my profeſſion does not Emaſculate me; that my own, and my family's bread, depend upon my character and conduct in my profeſſion; that I never was ſo unfortunately overcome upon any *former* occaſion; that what had happened, was more my misfortune, than my fault; and that I muſt have been more or leſs than man, to have ſtood unmoved, on *ſuch* an occaſion, with *ſo fine* a woman. Here is a full and certain pardon obtained; for a ſenſible wo-

man would be too wiſe to tell her huſband, and a fooliſh woman too vain.

However high the above ſcenery may be coloured, it is no more than is exhibited every day, not only in the capital of this kingdom, but in every country town; for whichever way I go, far or near, every village is ornamented with a red door, and a bright knocker, and over it you are informed, in gold letters, that the houſe is the property of J. BLOWBLADDER, SURGEON, APOTHECARY, AND MAN-MIDWIFE. Nay, often two names, as partners in this *myſterious buſineſs*, ornament the board.

I know not which to deſpiſe moſt; the huſbands, who give up their wives to be ſo

wantonly and ſo unneceſſarily handled and *touched* by Men-midwives; or the wives, who are ſo void of a proper ſenſe of their huſband's dignity, and their own modeſty, to employ Men-midwives upon any occaſion: nay, I ſay, upon every occaſion; for when once the Male-widwife has got *admiſſion* into a houſe, he becomes Phyſician-general to the whole family. If the huſband be ill, the wife will not be eaſy, unleſs *her Doctor* be called in, to the great prejudice of Phyſicians regularly bred; to the abuſe of Medicine; and often to the diſcredit of the greateſt bleſſing to mankind, when truſted in ſkilful hands.

The dangerous conſequences of iron inſtruments, conſtantly uſed by Men-midwives,

wives, and which often deſtroy the life of the child, or mother, or both; and the certainty of rendering the woman's perſon diſagreeable, if not diſguſtful, to her huſband, ought to have great weight with women, provided the matter of delicacy, decency, and modeſty, were out of the queſtion; and yet it is no uncommon thing to hear a Male-midwife-practitioner, call the greateſt calamity and misfortune that can befal a woman, by the ludicrous epithet of *laying pit and boxes together* *.

* Read Smellie, and you will find this no uncommon misfortune, where men-practitioners are employed, and where Nature would have effected that which force could not, as he candidly acknowledges.

Men were born, and women were delivered by the proper attendance of women only, for thouſands of generations, without any bad conſequences, either to the mother or the child. Nature, left to herſelf, ſcarce ever errs; if ſhe does, it generally happens that ſhe over-does, but ſeldom under-does her part. To wait the courſe of nature, receive her hints, and gently aſſiſt her efforts, is the part of a ſkilful Midwife: he, or ſhe, who does more, is ignorant of the little they have to do. This buſineſs ought always to be done by the aſſiſtance of women only; and a thouſand arguments might be produced to confirm it.

I am

I am not unaware that it will be ſaid, that difficult labours require not only the ſkill, but the ſtrength of a man; and that it would be impoſſible to deliver ſome women without inſtruments. It may be ſo; but I will take upon me to ſay, it only happens to ſuch women who have been injured by haſty or forced labours, with a former child, or by iron inſtruments. It never happens to a woman with her firſt child; nor does it ever happen to the poor with any child, if they have not been injured by former labours; for then the *old* Lady mentioned above, is their faithful and unerring Midwife.

I frequently ſee accounts of the death of women in child-bed, that are women of

faſhion: I never hear of ſuch events in the country, among my *unfaſhionable* neighbours by this *diſtemper*, ſo Smellie calls it. When does a mare, a cow, a hare, a rabbit, or any part of the brute creation die, in bringing forth their young? Never! And has Providence been ſo careful in the preſervation of brutes, and left the nobleſt part of her production in danger? Certainly not. Why then ſhould women think it neceſſary to expoſe their perſons, and their infirmities, and to be twiſted and turned about, in whatever poſture or attitude the Man-midwife is pleaſed to direct *, either in bed or up, and to

* Page 183, Smellie ſays, "About the fifth or ſixth "month, the upper part of the *Uterus* is ſo much ſtretched, "as to riſe three or four inches above the *Os Pubis*, ſo "that, by preſſing the hand on the belly, eſpecially of "*lean*

to keep her huſband all that time in more pain of mind than that which ſhe ſuffers in body, for no other end but the vanity of having a Doctor, as they call it; but what I call an outrage to ſenſe, dignity, love, and virtue.

That ſome of theſe *touching* gentry have been proſecuted, and ſeverely puniſhed, for their luſtful conduct in *touching* their patients, is notorious. That hundreds of them daily get off, and that many ſucceed undiſcovered, cannot be doubted: nay, it can ſcarce be doubted, but they all are liable to fall into

" *lean women*, it is frequently perceived! and if, at the " ſame time, the *Index* of the *other hand* be *introduced* in " the *Vagina*, the neck will ſeem ſhortened."

the

the ſituation I juſt now ſuppoſed myſelf, and pointed the way to get out.

I could mention ſeveral proſecutions of Men-midwives upon record*; but the following will be ſufficient; though a man who is robbed of his wife's fidelity, does not miſs it till it is too late to adverti ſe the thief.

A merchant of this kingdom, who had a very young and beautiful wife, was attended by an eminent Man-midwife, to cure him of a diſorder he had got by going aſtray, and amuſing himſelf in the environs of Covent-Garden, while his wife imagined he was gone

* The records of every Court in this kingdom will confirm this aſſertion.

into

into the country. The merchant therefore desired the Doctor to visit his wife, whom he suspected to be with child; and, to save appearances, persuade her that, by a complaint he found (*from touching, I presume*) she laboured under, it was absolutely necessary to lie apart from her husband. The doctor undertook the commission; when, instead of saving the husband's credit, and faithfully keeping his secret, he informed the wife of the real case, and made such inflammatory observations, on the incontinence of her husband, and the beauty of the wife, that, with the advantage of opportunity, her husband's falseness, *touches* of *cantharides*, &c. he debauched her. But those stimulating medicines had such an effect, that she died in consequence thereof; and, by way of

atone-

atonement to her injured huſband, declared the whole truth in her laſt hours *.

Dr. Smellie, in the Introduction to his Treatiſe on Midwifery, ſays: "*It is natu-* "*ral to ſuppoſe, that, while the ſimplicity of* "*the early ages remained, women would have* "*recourſe to none but perſons of their own ſex* "*in* diſeaſes *peculiar to it! Accordingly*," ſays he, "*we find, that in Egypt Midwifery was* "*practiſed by women.*—What a pity it was, that the uſe of hooks, crotchets, pincers, boring ſciſſars, tapes and filleting, were not known to the poor Egyptians! That the Egyptians, who knew how to preſerve dead bodies three thouſand years, ſo as to retain their living form, ſhould have been

* This is a well-known fact.

ſo

ſo ſhort of invention, as never to have found out the method of ſcooping a child's brains out, and thereby preſerving the lives of the poor Egyptian infants! I ſuppoſe all the Egyptian mummies brought over here, beſide thoſe which are in the Muſeum, to be the bodies of poor Egyptian ladies, who died in child-bed; and that the *hieroglyphics* on their *ſicamore* coffins, could they be decyphered, would appear to be the lamentations of their ſurviving huſbands, that no art could be diſcovered whereby Nature might be *corrected*, and made more perfect.

Little did the poor Egyptian ladies think, that it would be three thouſand years before Dr. Smellie would be born, and the art of *touching*, and ſaving women's lives in this

dangerous

dangerous diſtemper *, be brought to perfection.

But, to comfort my fair country-women, let it be remembered, that theſe were Jew ladies. Indeed the Doctor obſerves, that a law was made at Athens, prohibiting women and ſlaves from practiſing phyſic; "*but*," ſays he, "*the* miſtaken *modeſty of* "*the ſex rendered it afterwards abſolutely ne-* "*ceſſary to allow* free *women the privilege of* "*ſharing this art with the men.*"

It is pleaſant to obſerve, the artful and fallacious manner, in which Smellie *touches* upon the prohibition of women practitioners at Athens. But I muſt ſet before my fair

* As Dr. Smellie calls it.

country-

country-women the noble example of the Athenian matrons upon that occaſion.

The law laid them under the neceſſity of employing men, or truſting wholly to the efforts of Nature. They did ſo, rather than ſubmit to a practice ſo repugnant to decency; and upon ſome particular occaſion, *this miſtaken modeſty of the ſex* proved fatal; which being obſerved by a woman, named *Agnodice*, ſhe dreſſed herſelf in man's apparel, and entered herſelf a ſtudent under a certain profeſſor, named *Hierophilus*; and, after having obtained a knowledge in *the art*, if an art *it is*, to out-do Nature, ſhe revealed herſelf to her own ſex, who agreed, one and all, to employ *her* ONLY.

Here-

Hereupon the men-practitioners, enraged, indicted her before the Court of *Areopagus*, as one who CORRUPTED *men's wives*. To obviate this falſe accuſation, ſhe diſcovered her ſex: upon which they proſecuted her with *greater eagerneſs*, as violating the laws; when, to prevent her ruin, the principal MATRONS of the city came into Court, and, addreſſing themſelves to the Judges, TOLD THEM: "THAT THEY WERE NOT HUS-"BANDS BUT ENEMIES, WHO WERE GOING "TO CONDEMN THE PERSON TO WHOM "THEY OWED THEIR LIVES."—And it was upon this modeſt and ſpirited remonſtrance of the Athenian ladies, that *Agnodice* was acquitted, and that law againſt women-practitioners repealed.

And

And ſhall the ladies of this happy iſle, and in this enlightened and refined age, be leſs delicate than the Athenian matrons? Forbid it, Decency; forbid it, Love.

Naſh, to prevent the fatal conſequences of ſudden quarrels at Bath, a place where gaming more particularly is practiſed, *enacted a law*, That no man ſhould wear a ſword at Bath, but he who was not entitled to wear one any where elſe: and that law is ſtrictly obſerved there, to this day. And if a law were enacted, allowing thoſe women only the aſſiſtance of Men-midwives, who acknowledge themſelves unworthy of, or indifferent as to, the affection of their huſbands, I think, it would prevent the cuſtom

of many thouſand *Iron inſtruments being worn and u ed*, that are much more fatal to the human ſpecies, than ſwords or piſtols.

Indeed, we have many women ſtill amongſt us, who will not ſuffer a Man-midwife to attend them, under any circumſtances whatever: nay, I could, without quitting this iſland, produce a King, a Queen, and eight or ten Princes of the Blood, who all came into the world (God be thanked!) juſt as the poor Egyptians did *;

* How often do we ſee accounts of *unfortunate* young women, being delivered quite *alone*, whom ſhame and modeſty tempt to commit a crime againſt nature! But who ever heard of any of theſe unfortunate perſons being found dead for want of a Midwife? GOODY NATURE always ſteps in upon ſuch occaſions, and does *more* than her patient would wiſh.

but,

but, I ſuppoſe, it aroſe from the *miſtaken* modeſty of the ſex; or Dr. Blowbladder, or ſome of his brethren, had certainly been called in.

Much more might be ſaid, to convince every man of ſenſe, and every woman of modeſty, how very indecent, and how very unneceſſary, the buſineſs of a Man-midwife muſt be carried on. But if he be wantonly diſpoſed, he may turn his patient in whatever attitude for ſight, or *touch*, he pleaſes; nay, "*he may ſo place her, with her breech* "*towards him, on the ſide of her bed, with a* "*ſheet thrown over both,*" *(as Smellie particularly directs)*, ſo as to gratify, *unknown to the woman*, any paſſion he pleaſes. I know it may be objected, and ſaid, that a woman,

under ſuch circumſtances, muſt be diſguſtful, and remove every ſenſual appetite: but this I deny. A woman is like a riddle, nothing in her when *found out*; but a fine woman, *unfound out*, can appear in no ſituation, not even in the act of death, but ſuch as has ſtirred the moſt unconquerable of all paſſions *.

It is not the pretended ſcience I mean to decry, but the practice of the men who

* In Egypt, the Polinctors who embalmed the dead bodies, often *violated* thoſe of youth and beauty, and it became neceſſary to enact a law to prevent it; which was, that the bodies of young women ſhould lie forty days in brine, before the operation of embalming commenced. The late Mr. Sharp, the Surgeon, told me, that, had it not been for the immorality of the act, he has often had objects to diſſect which were ſo beautiful, even in death, that he could have done the ſame thing. If, therefore, death cannot reſtrain it, can any circumſtance whatever in life?

teach

teach and profeſs it. I would have women, if neceſſary, properly inſtructed, and women only employed. I would have inſtruments quite diſuſed, being convinced they often deſtroy both mother and child; and I own, I never meet any of theſe obſtetrical Profeſſors, that I do not look upon them as I ſhould on the Emperor of Morocco, or the Baſhaw of Tangier, going to viſit his ſeraglio. I really conſider, that every man, from the firſt peer in the kingdom, down to my butter-man's wife in Clare-market (for ſhe has *her male Doctor*), who opens his doors to Men-midwives, opens a way to diſgrace their families; to injure their wives' perſons, if not their morals: nor can it fail to induce every man, who ſeriouſly and prudently conſiders this practice, to look

upon thoſe huſbands who conſent to it, with contempt and indignation. As to myſelf, I ingenuouſly own, my wife's mind being out of the queſtion, I would ſooner give her up to the embraces of any one man, once a year, than ſubject her perſon to be ſo expoſed, *touched*, and handled, as ſhe who is attended, and delivered of a child, may be, nay conſtantly *is*, *handled*.

If the Reader is deſirous of any further proofs of what I advance, let him read Dr. Smellie's Book, and take the Doctor's own word, inſtead of mine.

There is nothing neceſſary in Midwifery, but what a woman can execute with more propriety, and with as much ſafety, as men.

men. Inſtruments are always injurious, often dangerous, and never neceſſary. The world was peopled much better before the mungrel name of Man-midwife was known. They were imported here from France, at the ſame time that *Tire-women* were put down in England. The alteration of modes, within theſe forty years, are very extraordinary!! Men-midwives are become general; Men hair-dreſſers, Men-ſtay-makers, in ſhort, we want nothing now but the Italian *Ciciſbeo* to be introduced among us, in order to qualify our high-bred faſhionable ladies, to be juſtly ranked with the ladies of Genoa; a principality ſaid to be without wood, without water, without fiſh, men without honour, and women without virtue. And if this ſhould ever become the character of the

fineſt, and, till of late, the moſt eſteemed women in the world, for their modeſty, beauty, and fidelity; ſtrange as it may appear, I will pronounce, their degeneracy began with the practice of Man-midwifery, and muſt end with the diſuſe of it, or have a worſe end.

I have the pleaſure of knowing a great number of married women, who have always thought on this ſubject as I write. I would as ſoon ſend my wife to viſit a Covent-garden hoſteſs, as be familiar with thoſe Male-midwife trumpeters.——"Lard, Madam, who is your Doctor?" ſays one. "Well, "I'll never *have a woman*; my Doctor is "the ſweeteſt man! ſo *gentle*, ſo *humane*, ſo "*patient!*

"*patient!* and then he is ſo *ſafe*!*" with a thouſand ſuch fine things of their Doctor, that the trumpeter ſoon makes half the circle in love with him, before they have even ſeen him, and determine to conſult him the next morning. I ſeriouſly believe, that moſt women love their Midwife, in ſome degree, equal to that which they feel towards their huſbands; for, if the huſband be an inſtrument to their pleaſures and comforts, the Doctor alſo is, in their ſimple opinion, the inſtrument of their eaſe, and their deliverer from extreme miſery. I never heard a woman ſpeak of her Man-midwife but with an

* I ſhould be glad to know how theſe advocates for *Male-practice*, became ſo well informed as to matters of *ſafety:* all the *reſt* I will allow them to be competent judges of; *touching* with ſafety, and the impropriety of telling their huſbands, they are judges of no doubt.

uncom-

uncommon degree of kindneſs: I have often heard a woman ſpeak of an affectionate huſband, without betraying any.

That many innocent and chaſte women have, and do, employ Men-midwives, I make no doubt; and that many Men-midwives may, and do, acquit themſelves as decently as their practice will admit of, I will not deny: but that it is an immodeſt, an unneceſſary, and a ſhameful practice, I will maintain; and that there lives not a man of ſenſe and ſentiment, who loves his wife, that ever returned to her bed with that degree of ſatisfaction and affection, who has undergone a Male-midwife's *touch*, as ſhe whoſe perſon is, or he ſuppoſes to have been, ſacred to him, and him alone. Whenever I

ſee

ſee a married woman nice in ſentiment, and delicate in her expreſſions, and find ſhe is attended by Male-midwives, for they have many, I conſider her a pretender to both: I look on her with contempt; and I conſider that, if ſhe had the authority of cuſtom to ſupport it, ſhe would permit me, or any other man, to take the ſame liberties with her perſon.

Hard as this, and my former treatiſe, may ſeem to fall on the ladies, thoſe who are warned by it, and apprized of the conſequences, will find the Author their friend, and their deliverer; a friend of more importance to their happineſs, than the unthinking multitude are aware of; and a deliverer from

from worſe evils, than the pains of child-birth can produce.

I deſire every man who loves his wife, or regards his own honour, ſeriouſly to figure to himſelf a ſmart Man-midwife, locked into his wife's apartment, lubricating his fingers with pomatum, in order to introduce them into his wife's *Vagina*, or into the *Rectum!* according to the *ingenious* Dr. Smellie's direction under the chapter of *touching* *. It is true, the Doctor ſays, the patient never fails to complain when *two* fingers are

* Can any man of ſenſe or delicacy, or any woman of virtue or modeſty, read or conſider the above directions (which are repeatedly given by Smellie), without feeling the utmoſt indignation to a practice ſo ſhameful? And if Smellie, who is conſidered the oracle for knowledge in Midwifery, directs it, who can doubt but that his pupils practiſe it?

introduced; but what need the Doctor care for that? He knows ſhe will not *complain* of it to her huſband; and her complaining to the humane gentle Doctor, furniſhes him with an opportunity to expreſs his concern, to ſhew a freſh inſtance of his *tenderneſs*, and to profeſs his admiration of a woman ſo *exquiſitely ſuſceptible!*

And I deſire every woman who loves her huſband, or who covets his love, ſeriouſly to conſider, whether ſhe be ſtrictly entitled to the appellation of being called a modeſt or a virtuous woman, after ſhe has admitted male operators thus to inſult her perſon and underſtanding, by taking a liberty that can give him no information whatever, but that ſhe is a fool, or worſe, who ſuffers it. Nay,

I am

I am thoroughly perſuaded, that every Man-midwife, who happens to be poſſeſſed of either ſenſe or ſentiment, muſt, in his own breaſt, entertain but a very indifferent opinion of the underſtanding of his patients, *or their ſpouſes* *.

That ſome women refuſe their operator the liberty of *touching*, I firmly believe; but the very attempt of the man, and the neceſſary conſequence of the woman's refuſal, is almoſt as bad; and either one or the other is ſure to happen, where the ſubject is, in *the Doctor's* opinion, worthy of his *inſpection*.

* Shew me a Man-midwife, who has a young or beautiful wife, who employs one of his brethren to lay his wife, and I will give him my head.

But

But ſetting aſide every conſideration, as to modeſty, delicacy, ſenſe, ſentiment, and, above all, how this kind of proceeding may ſit on the mind of an affectionate huſband, I will maintain it, that every woman runs a greater riſque of loſing her life with a ſkilful Man-midwife, than with even an ignorant, fumbling old woman,

The Man-midwife is for diſpatch, and that diſpatch cannot be obtained without a force on nature; for it muſt be obtained with iron inſtruments, and conſequently muſt bring into the world, a child that ought not to have made its appearance for ſome time. I ſuſpect it will be ſaid, what ſignifies an hour or two? But by the ſame reaſon

ſon it may be aſked, what ſignifies a month, or a week? And yet *ſuch proceedings* often prove fatal to the mother or child, or both. But ſuppoſe there were no other conſideration, but the preſervation of the woman's perſon, a circumſtance of no ſmall importance with the ſex; yet that is inevitably ſpoiled, ſo ſure as a Man-midwife, and conſequently an inſtrument, comes near them; for they as certainly uſe them, as they prudently and *cautiouſly* conceal them, according to Dr. Smellie's *particular* direction.

When the parts have been once extended, for the convenience of the Doctor's hands and forceps, they never recover their former elaſticity; and if the woman eſcapes inward injuries, which often terminate in ulcers

ulcers many years after, ſhe cannot eſcape, without rendering her perſon leſs agreeable, if not totally obnoxious, to her huſband: for theſe people not only do injury at the time of delivery, but frequently, three or four days after, introduce their hand and arm, to perform the office known amongſt themſelves by the epithet of *ſweeping the womb* *; than which nothing can be a ſtronger proof of the injury done the woman's perſon at her labour: for this act of womb-ſweeping, cannot poſſibly be performed

* Smellie ſays, p. 237, "When the *placenta* adheres to "the *fundus*, and all the lower part of the womb is ſtrongly "contracted, the hand muſt be *forced* up in form of a cone "into the *Vagina*;" and a certain *Tobacco-chewer*, now retired to Bath, aſſured me, that he has frequently performed that office three days after delivery; an office not practicable with either a mare or a cow.

on the perſon of a woman who is delivered as ſhe ought, that is, by the unerring *Old Lady*, mentioned with ſo much honour in the firſt ſheet of this Paper; and to this old lady I hope to be the means of *again* making known all the young and amiable part of my fair country-women, who may be aſſured, that it is leſs indecent to read this Letter to every man of their acquaintance in public, than to admit a Male-midwife in private; and thoſe who are wiſe enough to rely on what is here ſaid, without any other view than their happineſs, will find, by experience, that the Author is as much their friend, as he ſeems to be an enemy to the Male-midwives; which, in truth, is not the caſe; for, as I ſaid above, it is the *practice*, not the *men*, that I mean to exhibit

in

in a proper, and conſequently in an odious light.

I flatter myſelf, that this Book will open the eyes of a multitude of men, and women too, who never conſidered this matter as they ought, and determine them to be ſatisfied, that Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Maddox, and many other women, can do all that is neceſſary to be done with decency and ſafety; and as the two firſt Perſonages in the kingdom have (when a Crown was at ſtake) been content with the aſſiſtance *only* of *Goody Nature*, *Goody Kennon*, or *Goody Draper*. I hope to ſee the day when the ladies of this kingdom will follow the noble example of the *Athenian matrons*; and that, amidſt the great number of public charities which ſo

particularly characterize this age and kingdom for their humanity, ſome lady of high rank will endeavour to render it more remarkable for its decency, by promoting a ſubſcription ſufficient to eſtabliſh a fund for the trifling inſtruction of women in the practice of Midwifery: a woman of fortune cannot do more honour to herſelf, nor a greater ſervice to her ſex. We have already experienced, that the HIGHEST example is *not ſufficient* to remove the prejudices of the generality of our high-bred ladies, in favour of the Men-midwives; and therefore the expoſing of their weakneſſes in this public manner, with a view to their happineſs, ought to be as well received, as it is kindly meant. They ought ſeriouſly to conſider what is here laid before them in a

light which they had never ſeen it before, though a juſt one; and I will appeal to any woman of ſenſe, who lives in London, and who is within the reach of Mrs. Draper, Mrs. Maddox, and many other Women-midwives of known abilities, and yet employs a man; I ſay, I will appeal to any woman of ſenſe, under theſe circumſtances, whether ſhe has not, by ſo doing, ſacrificed her modeſty to faſhion, her perſon to the higheſt indignity, and her huſband's honour to the ſneers and ſecret contempt even of her Male-operators. If ſhe will not allow this, I will tell her a truth ſhe will find by woeful experience; which is, if her huſband be a man of ſenſe and ſentiment, that ſhe has had a fall equal to that of her firſt parents; and if ſhe ever after complains of

the coolneſs or indifference of her huſband towards her, I could tell her another truth, not leſs alarming.

Mrs. *Kennon*, a woman not leſs eſteemed for the goodneſs of her heart, than for her *ſkill* in the practice of Midwifery, and who always attended her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, put a five hundred pound bank note into the hands of the Author of the "*Petition of the Unborn* "*Babes*," when ſhe lay upon her death-bed*; ſo much did ſhe approve of that performance; at a *time too*, when ſhe could have no intereſted view.—This petition in behalf of little innocents, whoſe ſufferings by torture, and even death, in their mother's

* Dr. Frank Nicholls, phyſician to the late King.

womb,

womb, are nevertheleſs ſhocking, though they are unable to move compaſſion by their tears or groans; this petition, I ſay, was wrote by one of the moſt able phyſicians of the preſent, or perhaps of any age; and his authority and great abilities juſtify the aſſertions throughout this Pamphlet; for he, who it muſt be allowed was a competent judge, objected to the practice of men in Midwifery, as unſafe, indecent, and unneceſſary; often dangerous to the mother, or child, or both; and always a reproach to thoſe women who encourage it.

The firſt edition of this pamphlet, which had been printed many months, was laid by at a bookſeller's ſhop, the Author being undetermined when, or if ever, it ſhould be

publiſhed; for, though it contains many bold aſſertions, it contains no wilful miſtake; nor is any thing advanced in it, but what is well founded. But, neverthelefs, I conſidered it might prove injurious to a great number of gentlemen bred up to the practice of Midwifery, and to ſome very deſerving men who had families to maintain, and whoſe chief ſupport might depend upon this *particular* branch of buſineſs. Indeed a Man-midwife, who accidently came into the bookſeller's ſhop, telling me, in general converſation, that he had a large family to maintain, not only *then* diſpoſed me to with-hold it, but induced me rather to have wiſhed the former Letter had not been made public; ſo much was my perſonal weakneſs at variance with the public good: for, I ſolemnly proteſt,

proteſt, I have no other end in view, nor any particular friend to ſerve.

I write from ſelf-conviction, the approbation of many women of diſcretion, and of many men of judgement: I reverence truth, and am open to conviction. I have advanced no intentional falſity, nor have I given any extracts that are not faithfully copied from the oracle of Midwifery, Dr. Smellie; and if any gentleman-practitioner can ſhew that what I have here advanced is contrary to the good of ſociety in general, and ſo repreſent the neceſſity of male-practitioners, that men *in general* approve of it; I will *reduce the head, and ſqueeze out the brains*, of this performance inſtantly. But then it muſt be done by a man who lives like *a Chriſtian*, who

who *behaves* like *a gentleman*, and who writes like *a ſcholar*: not by a debauched, abandoned fellow, *whoſe indecent practice with every woman he comes near, either maids, wives, or widows, nay with little children, are notorious through a whole city.* But, on the other hand, if theſe arguments cannot be overturned, I am ready to ſubſcribe a much larger ſum towards the inſtruction of female Midwives, than is perhaps quite conſiſtent with the limits of my own fortune.

It may now be aſked, why my perſonal weakneſs did not prevail? To which I reply; my bookſeller informed me, that the gentleman mentioned above was a man of a good private fortune, and by no means the *chaſteſt practitioner.* Indeed, when the book

came

came out, and I aſked him, what the Reviewers would ſay to it? "Nothing, if they "are wiſe." "Then what do you ſay to it, "Doctor?" "That you are ignorant and "ill-informed; I could have furniſhed you "with ten times more matter:" and he really aſtoniſhed me with the wanton tales he told me of in his own practice.

Thoſe married men, who can conſider what is here ſaid with indifference, I am willing to except from this general addreſs; and thoſe married women, who can read the above, as well as the following extracts from Dr. Smellie's Treatiſe, without ſhame and horror, I am willing to allow the free uſe of men, not only in Midwifery, but upon every other occaſion. It is, as I have ſaid above,

to

to thoſe men of ſenſe and ſentiment, who love their wives with pure affection; and to thoſe women, that are ſolicitous to wear down the charms of their youth in poſſeſſion of the affection of their huſbands, that this and my former Letter is addreſſed. I cannot conclude, without mentioning a few circumſtances that greatly promote the buſineſs of the Male-practitioners, as well as encourage female patients; and that is, the innumerable ſtories that every female nurſe is furniſhed with, to alarm the ladies they attend. There is not one of theſe nurſes who cannot, nay that do not, in the courſe of a month's ſitting by the ſide of their miſtreſs's bed, inform her of a thouſand inſtances of the *ignorance* of *female* Midwives, and of the Doctor's ſkill! How many women

men they have attended, who *inevitably* had been loſt, with their *dear babes*, had not Dr. Blowbladder been called in, at the very inſtant her good lady was expiring: and thus the poor deluded miſtreſs is frightened out of reaſon, her decency, and love, that Nurſe *Grim-it* may carry off the *donation* of the goſſips, without having a female Midwife to *divide it* with her: nay, inſtead of this drawback, the Doctor, if he be either *eminent* or *wiſe*, generally deſires the nurſe's acceptance of a bit of money for her trouble in dreſſing the child. By this means, he convinces Mrs. Nurſe, *almoſt* to the bottom of her heart, that a female Midwife is as dangerous about the perſon of a lying-in woman, as a rattle-ſnake about a man's leg. She ſounds the Doctor's trumpet far and near; and all her

her *kind* miſtreſſes, and indulgent maſters, are ſure to have the warmeſt recommendation of Dr. Blowbladder's art of *touching*.

It is no unpleaſant thing to obſerve, with what addreſs an ignorant nurſe, an ignorant hoſt, or his more ignorant hoſtler, or indeed any of the lower people, trained up to *one particular* branch of money-getting, can impoſe upon, and over-reach their moſt ſenſible maſters and miſtreſſes. A nurſe will no more own her admiration of the Doctor's ſkill ariſes from ſelf-intereſt, than an oſtler will tell you, till after he is paid and *fee'd* for your horſe, that he paid three pence for mending your boot, or removing a ſhoe, or the like; becauſe, having already ſecured all your half-pence, he knows he has an equal chance

chance to get ſix-pence more; and then, like Mrs. Nurſe, hugs himſelf over his beer, in having thus impoſed upon a gentleman.

I muſt not paſs over another circumſtance very injurious to the ladies who are attended by Men-midwives; for no ſooner is ſhe brought to bed, than the practitioner, to ſhew his Doctorial importance, diſpatches the two *initials* of his name to Mr. Slipſlop; and Mr. Slipſlop, adding a *little warmth* to the poor lady's ſuffocating *hot* bed-chamber, lays her down, for the firſt ten or twelve days, in a fever; which paſſes off for the milk fever, when it is attended with no other bad conſequences.

Though

Though the Author has experienced, like the Athenian Female-midwife, many abortive effects of the Male-midwives, to intimidate him; yet he flatters himself the candid, virtuous, and sensible part of the ladies will perceive *their* happiness was, and is, the main object he has in view: for, "without "the conversation and society of the fair sex, "I should esteem the world but a desart, "and the most polished part of mankind "would appear but as hermits in masquerade, "or a kind of civilized satyrs; so imperfect "and unaccomplished are we, without the "re-union of our lost rib, that substantial "and integral part of us. They are the "guardians of our infancy and youth, the "companions of our riper years, and the

"cherishers

" cheriſhers of our old age. From the cra-
" dle we are wrapped in a circle of obliga-
" tions to them, for their love and good
" offices; and he is a monſter in nature who
" returns them not the careſſes of an inno-
" cent affection, the ſpotleſs ſallies of vir-
" tue and gratitude. Love is the ſoul of
" the world, and the vital prop of the ele-
" ments; it is the cement of human ſo-
" ciety, and ſtrongeſt fence of nature:
" earth would be a hell without it; neither
" can there be a heaven, where this is ab-
" ſent." But then let it be remembered, that,

Nothing beſtows ſo much beauty on a wo-
man as modeſty. Venus herſelf pleaſes
moſt when ſhe is repreſented to be withdraw-

ing herſelf from the eyes of the beholders, in a ſhy, retiring poſture.

Extracts from Dr. Smellie's Treatiſe on the Theory and Practice of Midwifery.

Page 250 and 251, ſpeaking of the uſe of iron forceps: "*For my own part*" (ſays he), "*finding in practice that, by the directions of* "Chapman, Giffard, *and* Gregorie, *at* Pa- "ris, *I frequently could not move the head* "*along without* contuſing it, *and* tearing the "parts of the woman," *&c.*

Page 258. "*Even in theſe caſes, indeed,* "*the laſt fillet, or a long pair of forceps, may* "*take ſuch firm hold, that with* great force "*and*

" *and the ſtrong purchaſe, the head will be*
" *delivered; but ſuch violence is commonly* fatal
" to the woman, *by cauſing ſuch an inflam-*
" *mation, and perhaps laceration of the parts,*
" *as is attended with mortification. In order*
" *to diſable young practitioners from running*
" *ſuch riſks, and to free myſelf from the* temp-
" tation *of uſing too great force, I have al-*
" *ways uſed and recommended the forceps ſo*
" *ſhort in the handles, that they cannot be uſed*
" *with ſuch violence as to endanger the* wo-
" man's life,"

And again, in the ſame page, " *Great care*
" *muſt be taken in feeling with the fingers all*
" *round, that no part of the* Vagina *be in-*
" *cluded in the lockings:*" meaning thereby,

 that

that no part of the womb be pinched within the forceps along with the child.

It is indeed ſhocking to obſerve how often Smellie directs the *Accoucheur* to take care, when he introduces ſciſſars, and the like kind of inſtruments into the *Vagina*, that he does not cut his *own* fingers, or the *woman's Vagina*; but their own fingers are his firſt care. He alſo informs us, that women, during their pregnancy, are often afflicted with ſwellings in the *Labia Pudendi*; and to remove this, he recommends *puncturing the parts*; and this operation is to be *repeated*, though he allows that theſe ſort of complaints commonly vaniſh of themſelves after delivery; ſo that a lady who is attended by a ſkilful Midwife, who *underſtands* his buſi-

neſs,

neſs, is to be *touched* in the third or fourth month of her pregnancy, and *punctured* frequently during the remaining period. All this may be very proper, for aught I know; but that it is ſcandalouſly indecent, I will maintain.

In boring the child's cranium, in order to extract the brain, he ſays, p. 258: "*The* "*ſciſſars ought to be ſo ſharp at the points as to* "*penetrate the integuments and bones, when* "*puſhed with a moderate force*; *but not ſo* "*keen as to cut the* operator's fingers, *or* "*the woman's* Vagina!"

P. 264. "*The woman being laid in a* right "poſition *for the application of the* forceps, "*the* blades *ought to be privately conveyed*

 "*between*

" *between the ſeatherbed and the cloaths, at a*
" *ſmall diſtance from one another, on each ſide*
" *of the patient. That this conveyance may*
" *be more eaſily effected, the* legs *of the inſtru-*
" *ment ought to be kept in the operator's ſide-*
" *pockets. Thus provided, when he ſits down*
" *to deliver, let him ſpread the ſheet that hangs*
" *over the bed upon his lap, and* under that
" cover *take out and diſpoſe the* blades *on each*
" *ſide of the patient; by which means he will*
" *often be able to deliver with the* forceps,
" *without their being* perceived *by the* woman
" herſelf, *or any other of the aſſiſtants. Some*
" *people pin a ſheet to each ſhoulder, and*
" *throw the other end over the bed, that they*
" *may be the more effectually concealed from the*
" view *of thoſe who are preſent. But this*
" *method is apt to confine and embarraſs the*
" *operator.*

" *operator.* *At* any rate, *as women are com-*
" *monly frightened at the very name of an in-*
" *ſtrument, it is adviſeable to conceal it as*
" *much as poſſible, till the character of the ope-*
" *rator is fully eſtabliſhed.*"

Now, I ſay, that if theſe two *blades* and two *legs* can be ſo *privately* conveyed under the ſheet, and ſo dexterouſly uſed by the Doctor, that neither the *woman herſelf*, nor any perſons that are preſent, ſhall know *any thing* of the *matter*; it is *more than probable*, that there may be in this kingdom ſome thouſands of cuckolds, that are *unknown* to be ſo, even to their wives.

It would be endleſs to quote the number of alarming circumſtances, both to men and

woment, with which Smellie's *ingenious* Book abounds; and which I earneſtly recommend to the peruſal of thoſe who are deſirous of being convinced of the danger, and the indecency, of employing Male-midwives. I ſhall therefore conclude with obſerving, that Smellie ſays, the *Accoucheur* ought to act, and ſpeak, with the utmoſt delicacy and decorum; and never *violate* the *truſt repoſed in him*, ſo as to harbour the leaſt immoral or *indecent deſign*; but demean himſelf, in all reſpects, ſuitable to the *dignity* of his profeſſion. So Parſons preach! but do they practiſe accordingly? So Doctors write! and Smellie, I ſincerely believe, was, in his old age at leaſt, ſilly and ſerious enough to think he was doing good when he was writing the moſt bawdy, indecent, and

ſhameful

ſhameful Book which the Preſs ever *brought into the world*; and I hope it will be allowed a ſufficient apology for this my abridgement of it; as I am convinced it will *touch* both men and women too, who read it with attention.

It is curious to obſerve, how often ſome of theſe obſtetric gentry inform *the ſex* of the *number of years* they have devoted to their *particular diſeaſes*; and that ſuch who are deſirous of *concealing their obſtructions*, ſhould, *if they conſult their own intereſt*, immediately apply, though the *Doctor* never *hears a caſe*, or *gives an opinion*, unleſs *accompanied with a guinea!* Let me perſuade ſuch *unfortunate ſingle ladies* to keep their guinea to buy baby-cloaths; and to deſire them, not

to

to throw away a guinea upon a raſcal againſt whom they durſt not complain, becauſe he durſt not perform his promiſe. That a poor innocent, ſeduced girl ſhould be deſirous of information upon this head, to relieve her agitated mind, whether ſhe be, or be not, with child, is not to be wondered at; but that MARRIED WOMEN, after two or three months pregnancy, ſhould acquire ſuch certain information from the Doctor and his *pomatum pot*, I believe, every huſband in the kingdom will agree is going rather *beyond the mark* of *common decency*. They ſurely do not obtain it to gratify their huſbands with the *means* whereby it was obtained; they will not,—they durſt not ſurely do that: for when a woman has once *tranſacted buſineſs in that way* with her Doctor, ſhe is WELL PRE-

PARED

PARED for it in any *other way*, and with any other man. I think, when I was a ſchool-boy, I read from *Publius*, "*Cui* "*plus licet quam par eſt, plus vult quam licet.*" "*He that is ſuffered to do more than is fitting,* "*will do more than is lawful.*" Indeed, there is no other way to account for the abandoned profligacy which at this time prevails among the married women, but the practice of Male-midwifery. No man can deny that there has not been more *crim. con.* proſecutions within the preſent reign than in the ten preceding ones: nor can it be doubted, that Man-midwifery is the fountain from which they ſprang. So much for the *conſequencess* of this *art.* I ſhall conclude with a few remarks on the ſafety of it, by deſiring thoſe who have walked either the ſtreets of

London

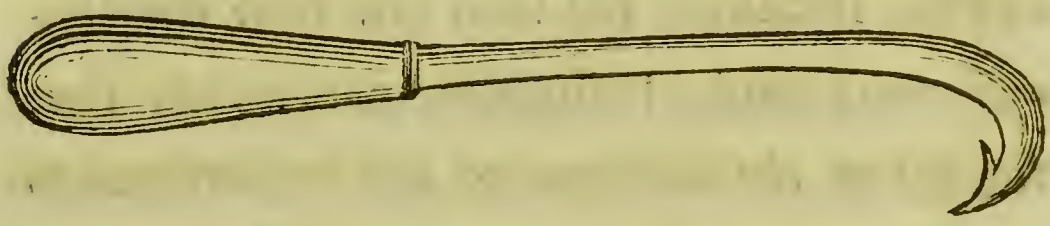
London or Paris, to recollect how many thouſand hump-backed, miſerable, maimed, and decrepid objects they daily ſee in theſe two kingdoms, where Man-midwifery is become almoſt the univerſal practice; yet I do aver, that to the beſt of my knowledge, though I have ſeen thouſands of Indians in America, and Negroes in the Weſt-Indies, I never ſaw one hump-backed perſon in my life among either: yet theſe people never heard of Men-midwives.

But before I conclude, I will relate a ſtory, which I am ſorry and aſhamed to relate, becauſe I was an intereſted party in it. A young woman, for whoſe perſonal ſafety I was anxious, being in labour, at a time I was too young to have conſidered the buſineſs or conſequences

of

of Man-midwifery in any other light than as the fools of the preſent day; I ſent for a Man-midwife, *then* not much known, but who ſince has figured away in a very HIGH STYLE INDEED! He ſoon ſaw how the *buſineſs was*; and, I ſuppoſe, concluded, that the *life of the child* was of leſs importance to me than that of the mother. He accordingly not only delivered the woman too haſtily, but inſtantly came down and ſhewed me an iron inſtrument (not in an *over ſtate of delicacy)* with which he had performed the horrid operation; *particularly ſtating*, that it was *unique*, and one of his *own contrivance*. Three guineas was then deemed a high price, and I gave it him; but I had good reaſon ſoon after, as well as at *this diſtance of time*, to believe, he ſhewed me the inſtrumen-

ment in order *to obtain* five; for the child was brought into the world by a horrid hook, which had been fixed in the ſocket of the eye, and was of this form;



but then *there needed neither nurſe nor chriſtening!* A little box and Bunhill-fields burying-ground *finiſhed the buſineſs!*

I know the Male-practitioners will ſay, I have *told a d——d raſcally lie*; for ſuch language I have experienced before, and am prepared to meet again; but if they do, and this Book gets into a fourth edition, I will in that give the *ingenious* Doctor's name, and

eſtabliſh the horrid deed, if not the *deſign*, beyond a doubt.

That the *real* fears of ſome women, the folly of others, and the *bawdry* of many, lay *all* women under a kind of neceſſity to make the practice general, and even promote it, is undoubtedly true: they know nothing elſe could ſupport them in it; but it is my buſineſs to aſſure thoſe women who are not loſt to every ſenſe of ſhame or modeſty, and who wiſh to merit either the eſteem, affection, or even the embraces, of their huſbands, that they are miſtaken; miſtaken too in a matter of the firſt importance; for they not only often ſacrifice their life, but always the eſteem and love of men of ſenſe. I vouch for it; and that too, not only from my

my own experience, but from the avowed decalaation of the firſt and beſt anatomiſt this kingdom ever produced, I mean Dr. Frank Nicholls, the late King's phyſician; that the practice of Man-midwifery is highly dangerous both to mother and child, ſetting the ſhameful indecency out of the queſtion. And as to the important opinion of that truly good, ingenious, and worthy man, the late Dr. Lawrence, Preſident of the College of Phyſicians, I have already given his ſentiments upon this ſubject. I therefore call upon every married and unmarried man throughout the three kingdoms, to ſhew this Book to their wives and daughter; and they may then, with the utmoſt propriety, make the following delaration to the former. To their wives: "If, after having ſeen this

"Treatiſe,

" Treatiſe, *you will* be attended by a Man-
" midwife, do ſo; but I ſhall conſider you
" in no other light than as a *faſhionable pro-*
" *ſtitute.*" And I will tell their daughters this melancholy truth, " That this Male-
" midwife's practice, deters every young man
" of ſenſe to have any other ſort of dealing
" with them than that of their Doctors;
" that the few who do enſnare ſimple men
" with their charms, or affected modeſty,
" into marriage, ought to be conſidered
" fraudulent impoſtors, if they dare to ſend
" for a *touching Doctor*, as moſt do, two or
" three months after marriage." Faſhion has made this practice, as I have ſaid above, almoſt univerſal; but neither faſhion, nor the tame aſſent of a huſband, can reconcile it to his mind.

My Lady *Fiddle Faddle* lies-in at Briſtol, and ſhe is attended *there* by Dr. *Nokes*. In London ſhe is *touched* by Dr. *Styles*; and at Tunbridge by Dr. *Blowbladder*: and all this is to be deemed perfectly within the *pale of propriety*, becauſe it is done *by a Doctor*. But, huſbands, I aſk you, whether Doctors are not men? and whether you are not fools to ſubmit to ſuch inſults? If the women will have the *male gender* about their perſons, let them ſend to Italy for *caſtrato* operators. *Such men* might entertain them in a *double capacity*; but then they ſhould be *docked à la mode de Seraglio*.

When the firſt edition of this Book was publiſhed, a lady of high rank ſent for Mrs. Maddox

Maddox (now Mrs. Ward), and aſked her, "If ſhe could attend her lying-in, about "thirty miles out of town." Mrs. Maddox acquieſced; but hinted, that it would be more convenient to both in London. "True," ſaid the lady; "but I have lately "read a Book which has alarmed me on "many accounts. I have hitherto been deli-"vered by Dr. Hunter; but that Book has "determined me never more to employ him "as a Man-midwife." This is a proof that many women are indiſcreetly led into a practice incompatible with common decency; and I ſincerely hope, her example will be followed by every woman of ſenſe and virtue; and that every married man will join with me in ſuppreſſing a practice of importance to them, to their wives, their chil-

dren, and even to the preſervation of the Empire: for the FIRST MARK of the downfall of all great Empires has been the PROFLIGACY of the WOMEN. The Reader will therefore mark the preſent STATE OF BRITAIN in the reign of the beſt of Kings, and the moſt virtuous of Queens,; and remember too, that Mrs. Kennon received his Majeſty into the world, and Mrs. Draper the preſent Prince of Wales; and that Mrs. Maddox conſtantly went to Germany, to attend the Princeſs of Brunſwick; and yet, from perſonal knowledge of all three, I can aver, that they were as ſimple, honeſt, good ſort of *old women*, as ever were employed in that or any other way; which proves, that *capacity* is not a neceſſary qualification; and that all the lecture-readers,

about

about executing what God has ordained, is mere uſeleſs lumber. Poor MOTHER EVE! *how ſhe is to be pitied* when ſhe brought CAIN and ABEL into the world! for ADAM would have been aſhamed to have lent her a hand. She was left *(though the world was at ſtake)* to *young* Goody Nature. There were then neither *barbed* hook-makers, forcep-ſmiths, nor brain-boring ſciſſar-cutlers; and yet, if poor Eve had failed, we ſhould have had neither *Hunters* nor *Fords*; ADAM would have become a ſolitary widower; and mankind would have been confined to an individual, becauſe his CREATOR forgot to have *willed* one animal more; namely, a MAN-MIDWIFE.

LADIES, permit me to *touch* your for once. Be aſſured it is infinitely a more decent and important *touch* than that of a Man-midwife. Let me tell you the cauſe of your huſbands' neglect and their infidelity: your perſons are rendered obnoxious by the injury of iron inſtruments, which are *always* uſed by men, never by women; and how can you expect to be deemed either modeſt, or even decent, to admit the uſe of the *ſame* inſtrument *covered with leather*, which has been employed to the ſame purpoſe a thouſand and a thouſand times? perhaps to unclean and diſtempered perſons? But enough has been ſaid, I am perſuaded, to have ſufficient weight with every woman of ſenſe, virtue,

or

or modeſty, or much more might: for, when I aſked the late Dr. Hill's opinion on this Book, he replied (though himſelf a Man-midwife), "he could have furniſhed "me with ten times better matter."

Every thing in this kingdom is now become either an *art* or a *ſcience*. I remember ſeeing, in Oxford-Road, a board, which informed the publick, in *golden letters*, that the owner of it was NIGHT-MAN to her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Dowager of Wales; and I have lately heard of a *Leg-maker* to her Royal Grandſon. Perhaps, too, the time is not far off, when men will offer their ſervices to attend ladies to their *chaiſe percée*; for the truth is, it is full as neceſſary, as to attend them in any *other*

labour. GOD gave the ſame faculties to a woman in labour as he has given to mankind, for every other NATURAL EVACUATION; yet there may, once in an hundred thouſand times perhaps, require ſome aſſiſtance in both caſes.

When old Captain Bodens's French valet, François, gave him notice to provide another ſervant; Bodens, concerned and ſurpriſed, aſked him, "Why he choſe to leave "a maſter who had been upon all occaſions "ſo kind and partial to him?" "*C'eſt vrai*," replied François, "*vous avez été un très bon* "*maitre, mais je n'aime pas d'aller avec* "*Monſieur au privée.*" "Why that, to be "ſure, is a diſagreeable piece of buſineſs to "both," replied the Captain; "but you "know, François, *I am too fat to do it*

" *myſelf*; and it was not only a *bargain*, but " I give you two guineas a year extraordi- " nary for *ſuch particular aſſiſtance*." " *Oui*, " *Monſieur*, *c'eſt vrai*, *mais pour Madame* " *ma maitreſſe*, *me no make le même* " *marché* :"—for *there* it ſeems lay *the ſore*; and then this ſecret came out, though it was very evident, that Madam Bodens was not a *whit behind hand* with *Monſieur ſon mari* in *en bonpoint*, or eminence of poſteriors. This *touching* buſineſs ſoon reconciled old Bodens to the loſs of his favourite ſervant; and I am diſpoſed to believe, that all men of ſenſe, and all women of modeſty and virtue, who peruſe theſe ſheets, and ſeriouſly conſider the contents of them, will find, that Madam Bodens ſtood in more need of a *male operator*, than any woman either before, at, or

or after Labour: nay, that her conduct was more excuſable, more decent, and more neceſſary, than the attendance of men in *child-labour*; and, as I have ſaid above, I again repeat it, that there are, in this kingdom, thouſands of cuckolds, unknown to be ſo, even to their ſimple, deluded, and *abuſed wives.*

In ſhort, I ſpeak the ſentiments of all ſenſible men, when I declare, I attribute the profligacy of the women of the preſent age, to the practices of MAN-MIDWIVES; and pronounce every woman, who permits the viſits of a male *touching operator*, during her pregnancy, unworthy of the affection or regard of her huſband; and every one who admits them, even in the hour of labour,

labour, not worthy of his future embraces, or worth thoſe of any other man; and that it is the very *worſt of all proſtitution*, and will ſoon extinguiſh even the *practice* of matrimony, except among that claſs of people who poſſeſs neither ſenſe nor ſentiment.

That theſe gentleman *touchers*, are touched and alarmed, at the truths this Book contains, is evident; for no ſooner had its *republication* been announced in the Papers, than they *honoured* me with a caricature. But as all the print-ſhops refuſed to exhibit it, and the man whoſe name they put to the plate inſtantly cauſed it to be obliterated, I take this means of informing them, that if they will ſend the plate to me, I will add it to the fourth edition of this work: I

ſay

ſay the fourth edition, for I am convinced this *third* will be ſoon out of print. Every Man-midwife in town and country will have curioſity to ſee the *Toucher Touched*; and if I miſtake not, many a woman, and every huſband, will be *touched* to the quick, when they ſee how ſhamefully they have ſubmitted to a practice ſo unneceſſary, ſo dangerous, ſo injurious to their perſons, and ſo unbecoming a woman of modeſty; for I again repeat this truth, that there are in this kingdom many thouſand cuckolds unknown to be ſo, EVEN TO THEIR WIVES; if, as *Smellie* directs, "*the breech of the woman is to be* "*turned to the ſide of the bed for delivery*, "*and the Midwife kneel down behind her*, "*with a ſheet thrown over both parties*," as he directs, that the practitioner may uſe his

blades

blades of nine inches dimenſions, "*unknown* "*to the woman herſelf, and to all perſons pre-* "*ſent in the room:*" then, I ſay, he may make uſe of *practices* at ſuch times, too groſs to mention, *unknown* alſo to the woman herſelf, or to any other perſon in the ſame room; and thoſe, who know mankind and human nature beſt, will be beſt able to make up their minds upon ſuch practices. To talk of the *particular time* or *ſituation* of a woman under labour-pains is mere nonſenſe. The intervals between thoſe efforts of Nature, are ordained by GOD, to be minutes of exquiſite tranquillity and delight, as every perſon knows, who has juſt been delivered from the pains of the gout, the ſtone, or colic; and what woman would dare, even if ſhe ſuſpected any ſuch *ſiniſter tranſactions*

of

of her *accoucheur*, during thoſe intervals, either to charge him with it, or to tell her huſband ſhe ſuſpected it? NOT ONE.—Conſcious of the impropriety of putting a man and herſelf in ſo ſhameful a ſituation, ſhe would not dare to charge the firſt, or tell the latter. The practitioners know theſe truths; and that they have a material evidence, not an accuſer, in their favour, ſuch as thoſe Ipſwich ladies, who attended the trial of my *raviſhing friend* at St. Edmund's-Bury, who, *touched* into tenderneſs for his perſonal ſafety, went by coach-fulls to ſwear, that he had often *laid them*, without lying *with them!* ſhould not the oath have been, *to the beſt of their knowledge?* For certainly the *ſheet-ſcene*, like the *ſcreen-ſcene* in the School for Scandal, if thrown aſide, might occaſion a little

a little embaraſſment to both parties. The truth is, the tranſactions between Men-midwives and married women are ſuch, even when conducted in the moſt decent manner poſſible, that no woman ever did, or durſt, relate them to her huſband. The women repoſe ſecrets in their Midwife's hands, which they are mutually intereſted never to reveal; and a Man-midwife muſt be ſomething more or leſs than man, if he does not often avail himſelf of being made *the keeper of his patient's conſcience.* Let any man place himſelf in ſuch a ſituation with a fine woman, and, *unleſs he be a Parſon, or a Confeſſional Prieſt*, I aſk, whether he would not be tempted to apply the *unguentum amoris* to his patient or penitent?

When

When Philip the Second of Spain aſked the Jeſuits, "How they could bear to hear "the confeſſion of ſo many fine women, and "reſiſt their charms;" they told his Majeſty, "They carried with them to the "Confeſſionals a *certain plant*, which al-"ways protected them from the danger of "*uncleanneſs*." And when the King required the name of that *extraordinary plant*, they informed him, "That it was called, "*the fear of God*." But, as that is rather a ſcarce article in moſt countries, I hope to introduce a cheaper and more efficacious medicine in Britain, namely, THE SPIRIT OF MAN, GRAFTED UPON SENSE AND REASON, AND REFINED BY WOMEN OF MODESTY AND VIRTUE.

Juſt

Juſt as I was finiſhing the laſt ſheet of this Pamphlet, a gentleman's ſervant left with my Publiſher the following Letter, addreſſed to me.

" Nov. 26.

" IF Mr. T——— can make any uſe " of the incloſed print, it is much at his " ſervice, from one who wiſhes ſucceſs to " his laudable endeavour to guard and pre- " ſerve female modeſty and chaſtity; and " who thinks, if the incloſed letter was " re-printed, it would be no unworthy addi- " tion to Mr. T's Pamphlet.

" S. R."

from the St James Magazine

H Mr.

the letter is supposed to be written by Colman

Mr. T——— returns S. R. his thanks, and is happy to re-print a Letter ſo truly characteriſtic of the folly and vices of the *times*.

The print is ſomewhat ſimilar to that which is here annexed, bur finely engraved, and well-coloured. It was publiſhed in the year 1773, by S. Hooper, N° 25, Ludgate-Hill. The Letter was printed in the London Evening-Poſt, perhaps about the ſame time, and is copied here *verbatim*:

"TO

"TO THE PRINTER OF THE
"LONDON EVENING-POST.

"SIR,

"I AM lately married to a young lady, as you and your brother News-writers have very juſtly ſaid, *of beauty and fortune, and who poſſeſſes every accompliſhment neceſſary to make the marriage-ſtate happy*; and, what I thought no ſmall accompliſhment among the reſt, ſhe was never in London any more than myſelf, before I made her my wife. We have been married but four months, and you ſee I date my letter from Groſvenor-ſtreet. However, if I can perſuade her to go back into Worceſterſhire again, all may be well;

for I believe there is no harm done yet, though, I think, *ſhe* will have had an eſcape, and I ſhall be relieved from many a ſweat for my fore-head.

"I am not naturally jealous, nor did ſhe ever give me the leaſt room for any jealouſy till lately. I was going one morning up to her dreſſing-room, to aſk her, "If ſhe would walk in the Park?"—I over-heard her ſay, "It is impoſſible, Mr. Baltazar, to-day; but to-morrow Mr. Oakly will be out all the morning, and I will expect you at twelve preciſely." "Bleſs me!" thought I, "what, an aſſignation with a man in her dreſſing-room!" and immediately a good ſmart young fellow tripped by me down ſtairs. I took no notice of him; but I haſtened

haſtened to my wife. "Who," ſays I, with much confuſion, "was the perſon that left you juſt now?" "Nobody, my dear," ſays ſhe, "but the hair-dreſſer;" and ſhe ſaid it with ſo much unconcern, that it confirmed my ſuſpicion; and I took her negligent air for a proof of her being practiſed in this buſineſs of intrigue. I then took her haſtily by the hand, and with much earneſtneſs, "Don't diſtreſs me, Mrs. Oakly," ſaid I, "tell me who that perſon was that you have made an appointment with to-morrow at twelve?"— "Why, with Mr. Baltazar, the hair-dreſſer; you know you are to be out to-morrow, and I ordered him to come then, that he might not prevent my going out with you to-day." "What!" ſaid I, "would you have a man to dreſs your hair, Mrs. Oakly? you, who

would not let *me* ſee you put on your cap till within this week!" "Why, my dear," ſays ſhe, "I deſired Lady Mid-night to recommend me to her tire-woman; and ſhe ſmiled, and told me, 'No woman could dreſs hair fit to be ſeen. Baltazar, who did her buſineſs, was employed by all the ladies of faſhion, and was the only man in his way:' you know, my dear, if one lives in London one would do the ſame as other people." I dropped the converſation, and we ſallied forth towards the Park; but, I own, I could not help ruminating on her parting ſo readily with that remarkable *delicacy* which I had ever admired her for, out of compliance with FASHION.

I don't believe the affair of Baltazar kept me at home; but I own I found

no

no inclination to keep my engagement the next morning; and as my ſtaying away would be no great diſappointment to my party, I determined not to ſtir out. About eleven o'clock a ſervant comes into the room, and aſked for his miſtreſs, ſaying, "There was a perſon come to wait upon her." She over-heard the ſervant, and ordered him to ſend the young man up ſtairs. "Bleſs me," thinks I, "this male hair-dreſſer is in a great hurry to wait upon her, when he comes an hour before he is ordered." I felt a curioſity to talk with this *friſſeur*; and, to ſay the truth, my curioſity was, ſtrange as it may ſeem, to ſee him firſt through the key-hole. Accordingly I ſoon applied my eyes to the place of obſervation; and, to my ſurprize and mortification, ſaw

Mr. Baltazar, as I imagined, down upon his knees before my wife, holding her right foot, with the ſhoe off, elevated at ſome diſtance from the ground, and preſſing it ſeemingly with great earneſtneſs between both his hands, ſo as to convince me that he was going to ſhew the ardour of his paſſion by kiſſing her ladyſhip's toe, if I was not to make my appearance. This I immediately did, to the great ſurprize of the happy pair; for Mrs. Oakly gave a violent ſhout at my entrance, and cried out, "Bleſs me! my dear, I thought you had been out! was you not engaged?" And my hapleſs rival, at the ſame time, dropped her foot, roſe up, and made me a moſt reſpectful bow. "Oh! your ſervant, Mr. Baltazar," ſaid I; "I perceive your buſineſs is rather to adorn my

head than my wife's."—"Baltazar!" ſays Mrs. Oakly;—"this, my dear, is Mr. Upper-leather, the ſhoe-maker;—go on with your meaſure," ſays ſhe, "Mr. Upper-leather, for I expect Mr. Baltazar every minute; but, my dear Mr. Oakly, as I find you are at home, I'll not have my hair dreſſed to-day, if you think of our walk in the Park."—I was glad to find my ſurprize was not perceived by her, and agreed that we ſhould walk to prevent my diſcovering it, if I was to enter into any diſcourſe; and I left the room on pretence of fetching my hat and cane.

A few days after this I had another ſweat. I had one morning juſt placed my faithful meſſenger at the key-hole of Mrs. Oakly's dreſſing-

dreſſing-room; for theſe he-creatures that ran ſo familiarly about my houſe had made ſuch an impreſſion upon me, that I never came into her preſence without this method of enquiring firſt, whether I was impertinent or not. I found this morning another Baltazar along with Madam, who could not pretend to be either hair-dreſſer or ſhoemaker. She was ſtanding before him without her gown, and with her neck quite bare; he appeared to me as if he was admiring the charms which preſented themſelves to his view; though I muſt confeſs not as a lover, but with the cool, curious eye of a dealer in female ſlaves. As they ſtood, I conſidered her as a fair Circaſſian, paſſing an examination for ſale; and that he was ſurveying the premiſes, marking the air and

mien,

mien, the ſymmetry and proportion of limbs, to ſee whether ſhe would be worth his money. I could not refrain from laughing at this ſight, which I could not comprehend the meaning of, though I felt, at the ſame time, a degree of anger and uneaſineſs. I was *angry* to ſee this Cimon, who ſeemed young, and in good caſe, though a Frenchman, ſo dull and inſenſible to charms which ſet me all on fire at the ſight, though ſhe was my wife; and I was *uneaſy* to find Mrs. Oakly could expoſe herſelf without a bluſh, even to ſuch a Cimon, whatever might be his buſineſs. I opened the door, and "what, dreſſing or undreſſing," ſays I, "my dear! and has Lady Mid-night recommended this *Monſieur* to you for a lady's maid?" But juſt as I had ſaid this, I diſcovered the meaſure in his hand, and,

and, by the piece of ſilk which I ſaw upon the table, I found that honeſt Mrs. Flounce, the mantua-maker, was not ſo good at a lady's ſhape as one of our ſex.

My next alarm was ſomewhat more affecting than this. A few mornings after, I ſaw a fourth gentleman in great familiarity with my dear tormentor. He pulled off her gown; ſhe then ſuffered him to pull off her handkerchief, which he ſeemed to me to do with great eagerneſs. I thought I perceived the dog's eyes at what he ſaw flaſh with fire; he directly went behind her, and with much haſte began to unlace her ſtays, which he performed with ſuch dexterity, that I could not doubt he was uſed too much to this buſineſs. When I ſaw the ſtays off, I was ſatisfied,

fied, and could not wait to ſee what was to be done next. In I go; and "Pray," ſays I, "my dear, is this Lady Midnight's man-milliner? and is he going to try on your new ſhifts? In the name of decency, what are you both about? Upon my honour I bluſh for you, my dear." "Bluſh for me, Mr. Oakly! pray, is there any harm in having my new ſtays tried on?" "*No harm*," ſays I, "perhaps, but much *indelicacy* by any *man* but your *huſband*." "Lord, Sir!" ſays Monſieur Tagg, with a ſneering ſmile, "I lace and unlace ladies of the firſt faſhion every day of my life, and unmarried ladies too." "Very likely ſo," ſays I, "Mr. Tagg; and I believe you are often forced to change their ſtays for jumps; but go on with your buſineſs; I aſk your pardon," ſays

I,

I, " my dear, for interrupting you;" and I left the room.

But all that has hitherto paſſed does not, in any degree, equal what I am going to relate. Goats and monkies! I could almoſt ſwear to part beds, when I think of what my wife endured from the *fifth man* that made his appearance in her dreſſing-room. In my curious peeping, as uſual, I ſaw a male figure on the couch with Mrs. Oakly, whom I could not conſider as *friſſeur*, *ſhoe-maker*, *mantua-maker*, or *ſtay-maker*. He had her not by the foot; he had not ſtripped off her gown; nor was ſhe without her ſtays; he was more modeſt than the former male-attendant on her, and yet leſs modeſt. I ſaw him—I ſaw him—in ſhort, I was convinced my rival was in the room with her; and I could not reſt a moment

moment till I took the villain by the throat. Upon endeavouring to open the door, I found it was locked. This, and the *bluſh* which I had ſeen on her cheek for the firſt time, the low voice in which they both talked, added to the couch ſcene, determined me to break open the door. My foot, applied to the pannel, ſoon gave me admiſſion into the room. You will, perhaps, be at a loſs to figure to yourſelf the appearance of all three at my entrance. Mrs. Oakly ſcreamed out, and fell back, quite pale, upon the couch; my rival ſtarted up, and looked as red a sa turkey-cock; and I, by turns, appeared as white as the one, and as red as the other. I rung the bell for a maid to look to her miſtreſs, who lay in a ſwoon on the couch, and I carried the gentleman down ſtairs, to ſatisfy me

about

about what had, or what had like to have paſſed. I ſoon found that the gentleman I had treated ſo roughly had acted in his profeſſion as a Midwife, having been ſent for by Mrs. Oakly, on a ſuſpicion of her being with child. I was ſorry that I had expoſed myſelf; but I own I was very happy that I was not in the right, and that my *wife* was not in the wrong.

"I have ſent you this ſimple narrative about a ſimple country couple, in hopes of inducing ſome of your abler correſpondents to give the public their ſentiments on this too prevailing practice of employing men in thoſe occupations that, modeſtly ſpeaking, belong to women. I will not ſay, that what has paſſed has made me conclude harſhly about

about my wife's virtue; but I muſt confeſs ſhe dreſſes looſer than ſhe uſed, ſhe ſuffers greater familiarities from impertinent young coxcombs; and I don't look upon thoſe charms which I uſed to dwell with rapture upon as entirely my own, ſince I have enjoyed them in common with hair-dreſſers, ſhoe-makers, mantua-makers, ſtay-makers, and MEN-MIDWIVES. I will go ſo far as to own, that I do not ſuffer ſo much in the thought of my wife's having miſcarried ſince the laſt-mentioned ſurprize, as I ſhould have done had ſhe never ſeen London.

"I am, yours, &c.

"JOHN OAKLY."

If, when a certain Ambaſſador from Spain came to this kingdom, and expreſſed his ſur-

prize to ſee *both ſexes* admitted to ſit in the ſame pew, even in the Houſe of God; how great muſt have been his aſtoniſhment, when he was told, that in London, more than a thouſand men of all ages are daily admitted to *tête à tête* viſits with the fineſt and, till of late years, the moſt virtuous and modeſt women in the world! and permitted too, by the huſbands of thoſe ladies, to lock themſelves in their wives bed-chambers, in order to examine their breaſts, and *touch* their perſons! and for no other reaſon but to enable them to tell their ſimple huſbands, that *ſomehow or other*, either by *hook* or by *crook*, they are breeding! and that, ſix months afterwards, the very ſame man, *or his partner*, is to deliver them by *hook* and by *crook* of the very child they *had found* on the former

exami-

examination! Can Engliſhmen read and conſider this buſineſs with indifference? Can Engliſh women encourage it without levelling all the ſex to an act worſe than common proſtitution? To prevent it, therefore, as much as lies in my power, they ſhall hear the PLAIN TRUTH; nor ſhall they dare to talk of indecent or groſs language, when it is uſed to reclaim women from practices of the groſſeſt and moſt ſhameful *actions*. I therefore repeat it again, and again, that their perſons are, by the uſe of iron inſtruments, as conſtantly uſed as carefully concealed, rendered not only diſguſtful, but obnoxious. "D—n you," ſaid *Ned* Y—g, of Saliſbury, to a beautiful widow whom he married in his old age, "your face is like an angel, "but your perſon is like a ——;" and abſo-

lutely refuſed to live with her. Perhaps too, I may not exceed the bounds of probability, if I impute the alarming progreſs a *certain crime*, too deteſtable to be named, has made in this kingdom ſince Man-midwifery has become ſo general. But tell me, Ladies, I will bring the matter home to your own fair boſoms; tell me, how you would like to have an elegant young Tire-women attend daily to dreſs your huſbands' hair? And yet you are ſo ſimple as to expect their love and fidelity, after you have expoſed your heads, and tails too, to faſhion, folly, and ſhame: and wounded the feelings of the man who loved you, ſo as never to be perfectly recovered. I am however willing to believe, that many modeſt and virtuous women have been led into theſe errors by the more *experienced dames*;

dames; but I will pronounce the woman, who reads *theſe ſheets*, to be unworthy of her *huſband's love*, if *afterwards*, ſhe admits any other aſſiſtance in labour but thoſe of her own ſex, unleſs the Female-midwife abſolutely declares her own inability. It has been ſaid by many women, and probably will be ſaid again, "That Mr. T——— writ a book "againſt the women;" but let me aſſure them, the real tendency of this Book is to ſhew a proper regard to their HONOUR, their PERSONS, their LIVES, their HEALTH, and their DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

THE END,

AND THE END TOO OF MAN-MIDWIFERY.

☞ The Writer knows that a reverend Editor has been bribed to abuſe him. He began his career twenty years ago, in abuſing the Writer, and he is welcome to finiſh it in the infamous line he has long lived by.

ERRATUM.

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